

Final Rest?

Let's not kid ourselves
We walk upon the dead
As they are literally beneath our feet.

As a member of the descendant community
My heart is heavy
Burdened by the audacity, indifference and
Business as usual attitude
Of those
Who ignore the sanctity of whitened bones.

More than a century ago—and presumably, without dignity
Native Americans, white orphans, free Blacks, the enslaved and the poor
Found permanent silence
In death as their equal end.

It is unimaginable but all were dumped into burial grounds
And forgotten.

We can but imagine
There was no rest in their lives.
We can imagine
Their lives were short-lived.

These men, women and children had breath.
They belonged to us.
And, we belong to them.

Their final resting place became a
—burial ground,
An unfortunate place of grave solemnity.

Now, their eternal rest is being disrupted
By a need for
Modern quarters with forward facing windows.
This is spiritual trespass
Of those who only found peace
In their death.

Since our dead can not speak for themselves
We must mourn again their movement
Which causes a relapse of grief,
A disruption of our closure.

The inviolability of
Their eternal rest
Should not bear careless movement.

We can do better.

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